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Date of publication is 5/21/13.

TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING



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During the past decade, left-of-center European political parties have increasingly come under the toxic influence of radical feminists favoring a nanny state as envisioned by Nurse Ratched. They were instrumental in jamming through the U.K.'s "Extreme Porn" law, which very specifically targets BDSM as a form of abuse, managed to make Sweden the first European nation to outlaw prostitution since 1946 and persuade isolated and bankrupt Iceland to prohibit all forms of sex commerce, including strip clubs. This, of course, is for the protection of women, much like the laws in force in such enlightened states as Saudi Arabia and Iran.

Most recently the European Parliament, which sets policies for the entire European Union, was giving serious consideration to a proposal introduced by left-leaning parliamentarian Kartika Liotard of the Netherlands to "ban all forms of pornography in the media." Never mind that the proposal's definitions of media, much less of pornography, are nebulous to the point of complete incomprehensibility…you get the idea.

The good news is that the EU parliament rejected the specifics of this proposal, which was part of a more grandiose set of recommendations "to foster gender equality in the EU by combatting gender stereotypes" on many fronts, ranging from fashion advertising to popular music.

The bad news is that the broader language in which the smut ban was buried remained intact and we have no doubt at all that Ms. Liotard and her friends will be back for another shot at turning all of Europe into Iceland.

There is, of course, pushback against this idiocy, but it comes mainly from small groups of kinksters who won't be bullied back into the closet without a fight; but the fight is definitely on, and no matter where you go, you won't be able to stay out of it if you want to be able to read this magazine or see anything like the images in it legally anywhere in the Western world. As we've seen with Measure B, regulation is the new prohibition, and it's spreading fast.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

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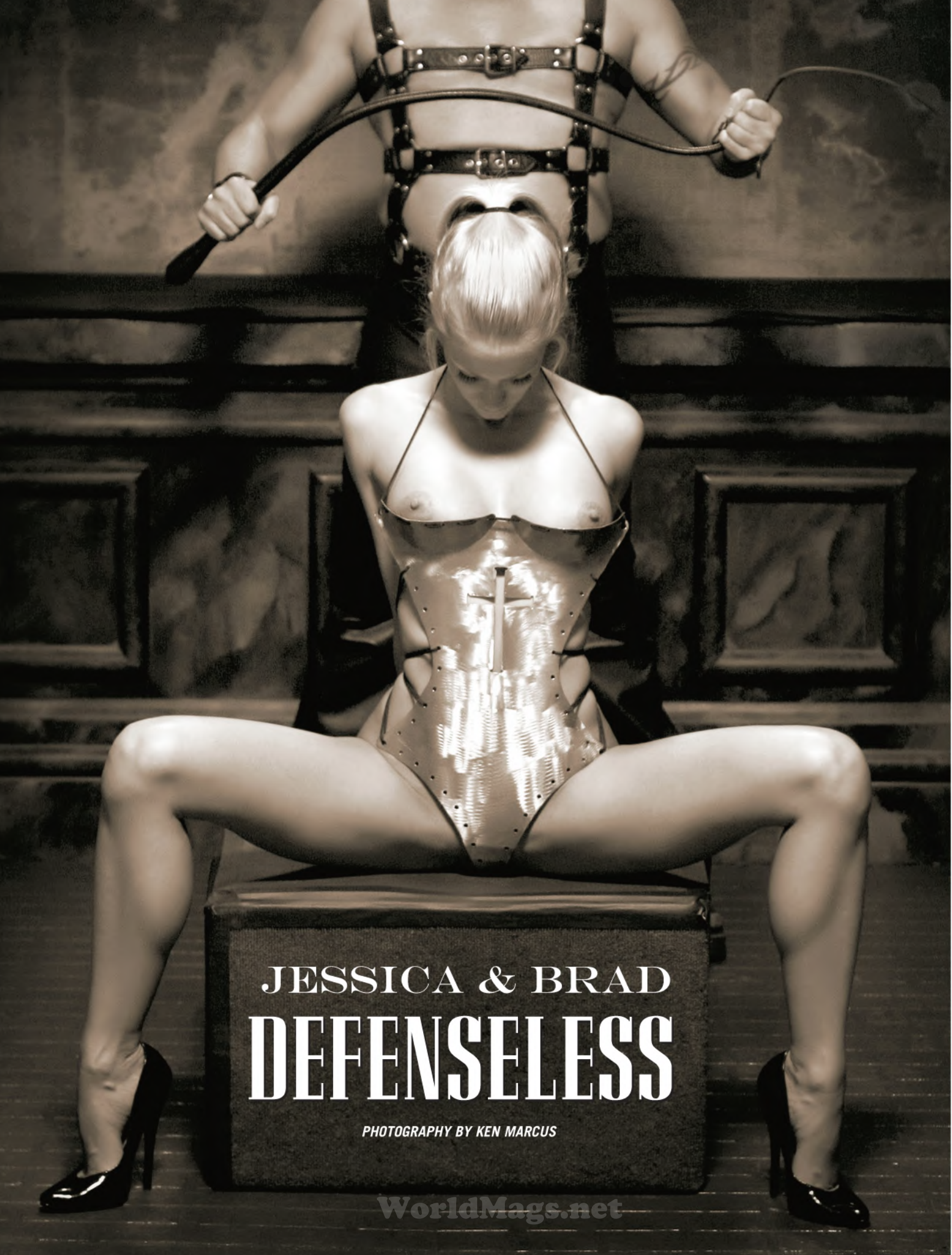




HUSTLER' S TABOO (ISSN 1099 5137) Vol. 16, No. 2, August 2013. Published monthly, except March and July, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call (800) 345 7413. A one year subscription is $39.95. This price represents HUSTLER' S TABOO' s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. No Canadian or other foreign orders accept ed. Back issues are $12 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTN. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER' S TABOO, P.O. Box 16975, North Hollywood, CA 91615 9363. Periodicals Postage Paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. HUSTLER' S TABOO is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA**.



JESSICA & BRAD

DEFENSELESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

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The cold plate of armor over her naked flesh is a cruel tease and it's gone as soon as the dungeon's Master comes to collar Jessica. Such a spirited slave needs continual breaking, starting head-down-ass-up for a hard-handed butt beating. Jessica quakes under the blows but stays in position, even when he reaches into her throat to test her gag reflex. Solid slapping makes her eyes tear. She hates him, until she feels his rigid cock slide effortlessly into her warm, wet mouth. She remembers she also loves him as he tips her down and shafts her from behind. He's not gentle, holding her up by her arms and hair, lifting her hips, pounding into her cunt. He hurts her so good in there. Jessica's only too eager to crawl into his lap and climb that pole.

Climax brings no relief. Her orgasms only make her more pliable when he hoists her off the floor, spread open in midair. Realizing he's hung her at the perfect height, she wills her sphincters to relax while intrusive fingers grease her tailpipe so he can pack her anus as he swings her back and forth, taking his time. Only when she begs to come again, despite the tension in her limbs and the stretching of her tiny rosebud, is she allowed the honor of returning to the floor on her knees to take his slimy slab deep in her mouth and swallow every drop. Jessica can deny him nothing, and wouldn't if she could.

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RUBBER ON THE RANGE

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER

The Texas Latex Party celebrated its 21st year with three days of kinky delight built around the theme of Fetish Hollywood. Held at a swank Houston hotel, festivities kicked off with a formal fetish gala and sit-down dinner and fashion show presenting the latest lascivious luxuries displayed to the best advantage by TLP's corps of winsome kinkstresses. The Hollywood glamour theme heavily influenced the new styles shown. Saturday afternoon saw the hotel pool turned into Latex Lagoon, proving that a little rubber goes a long way in a wet environment. The Saturday night Fetish Hollywood Gala came complete with kinky "Oscar" awards. Honors went to Belle of the Ball Lilly, Best Female Latex Ms. Veronique, Best Corset Creation Laura Lee, Best Fantasy Couple Mistress Absolute and the Willy Wonka Crew, and Queen of the Ball the inimitable Jean Bardot. Our own "Oscar" for Best Ongoing Event goes to TLP, always the odds-on favorite.















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Please keep those letters coming! -xxoo Hanna

THE EYES HAVE IT

There's no mistaking the fact that Casey (*Casey—Punished and Purged*, July 2013) is the genuine article. The look of smoldering sexual submission in her eyes, whether kneeling with her hands behind her in reverse-prayer bondage, holding her smooth, lovely body in perfect posture for a good caning, having her ass stretched in an inviting gape or expelling an enema with no trace of modesty, she's the slave of every Master's dreams. Hope to see her again soon.

—David Maxwell, Ontario, California

DUNGEON DEVOTEES

As an M/s couple, it's such a pleasure to see people like ourselves clearly having a great time down in the dungeon, mixing pain and pleasure and loving every minute of it. We thought your July 2013 feature *Mala and Dominik—Private Party* captured the spirit of a great play session with a pair of fine-looking TNG kinksters, from Dominik's first masterful handful of slave cunt-meat to Mala's last ecstatic gulp of his hot load without missing a beat, so to speak. We're only sorry we weren't there to join in. ***—slave ginger and Master Max, Baltimore, Maryland***







NO EASY ANSWERS

Thank you for your July 2013 article *Judging Kink*. In thoughtfully presenting all sides of a complex legal case, it raises important questions that the BDSM community can't avoid. Was slave nicole a consenting partner or an abused victim? Was Master Ed a loving dominant or a brutal pimp? Was justice served by the negotiated plea deals, or were frightened defendants persecuted into submission by a system that can't tell the difference between kink and crime? Some will leap to the defense of anything that looks like D/s play, while others will be quick to believe that inside every Master lurks a monster. Either way, the question of abusive relationships in a community built on principles of consensual power exchange will not go away or be solved by any one-size-fits-all interpretation of each individual relationship. Much appreciation for a thought-provoking read. ***—Charles W., Union City, New Jersey***

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Fetish Focus

Burning Desire



Lauren Bacall lights up.

In the black-and-white pornographic photography prevalent throughout Europe at the turn of the 20th century it was not uncommon to see seductive, scantily clad babes puffing away on cigarettes while coyly eyeing the lens. It was a small detail that carried a wealth of lascivious implications. Back in the day, "good girls" didn't smoke, at least not in public. It was considered a vulgar, unladylike habit and—because public smoking was one means by which a prostitute could signal her availability—was actually prohibited in some cities, both here and abroad. Naturally, any act suppressed as a symbol of feminine concupiscence only exerts a stronger appeal as a consequence of its prohibition. That appeal, taken to its extreme, is at the core of the fetish known as capnolagnia, whose enthusiasts become aroused at the sight of a woman smoking and activities related to her doing so.

As with most fetishes, the roots of capnolagnia are tangled, but probably lie most deeply in the oral nature of the act of smoking itself. Smoking is a source of oral pleasure, and a woman engaging in it forms her lips around a cylindrical object in a manner that, to the mind of either a smoking fetishist or a typically prurient-thinking enforcer of morality, suggests fellatio. It's not a coincidence that dedicated smoking fanatics prefer their puffing partners to wear heavy lipstick and blow smoke rings with every exhaled puff. It's a short leap of fantasy from the sight of a woman's lips formed into a perfect circle, her face transported by the stimulation of nicotine, to the prospect of those same lips wrapped around a cock.

In fact, the two acts are linked directly in a practice popular among capnolagniacs known as "cock smoking," during which the woman inhales a large puff, places her mouth over a man's penis and slowly expels the smoke around it. The combination of sinful indulgences potentiates both.

In the realm of BDSM, nice girls may not smoke, but not-nice girls, specifically dominatrices, most definitely do. In the archetypical image of Marlene Dietrich lighting up as the decadent chanteuse of *The Blue Angel*, we find the ur-example of the femme fatale. With her long, black-stockinged legs, her air of chilly hauteur and her obvious indifference to propriety, she invites man's ruin. A woman who would show herself off in such a manner might be capable of all manner of other sins, which is exactly the promise that draws her naive prey to whatever depravities she might have in mind like the proverbial moth is drawn to the flame.

In practice, smoking doms can wield the cigarette as a weapon in the arsenal of tease and torment, blowing smoke into the face of a tied-up submissive, for example, or teasing vulnerable flesh with the searing heat of a cigarette's glowing tip. Classic images of dominas dating to the time of the Daguerreotype often show them emphasizing the cigarette-as-instrument-of-seduction by accessorizing it with long, ornate holders that appear to









weaponize it into an object as threatening as a whip. But unlike a whip, a cigarette can inflict distress in the form of coughing, choking and watering eyes without ever making physical contact, adding an element of frustrating denial to the elaborate dance of domination. A submissive may even be called upon to serve as a human ashtray, receiving no more reward for his or her obedience than a mouthful of bitter ashes.

As popular attitudes toward smoking relaxed (with a boost from tobacco industry propaganda), more subtle iterations of smoking seduction became common in mainstream entertainment far removed from the aromatic dungeons of professional seductresses. The act of lighting a cigarette, or bumming one off a leading man whose attentions his co-star wishes to attract, or even that of leaning forward to have a cigarette fired by, say, Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca* all became subtle signals of a sexual dynamic in play in the exchange of sensual indulgences not long before specifically associated with darker and more intriguing sins. The association has persisted as a Hollywood trope right up through Sharon Stone's incendiary performance in *Basic Instinct*.

In its milder forms, it's a fetish that can be acted out in public as a kind of secret sign language between the participants. The woman leans forward, displaying the kind of cleavage typical of femme fatale drag. The man leans in with a match or lighter and the flame is struck between them. A subtle under-the-table nudge with the toe of a black stiletto-heeled pump during the ritual further implies what sybaritic pastimes may lie in the near future.

Ironically, as the health consequences of smoking have become more widely known, campaigns against smoking initiated in the high office of the Surgeon General and ever-tightening legal restrictions on where and when tobacco can be consumed have restored some of the allure of the forbidden to a practice that had gone from outright seduction to mere flirtation. Lighting up today is perhaps an even stronger symbolic rejection of popular mores than it was a century ago, though now the act is equally transgressive regardless of gender.

It's no surprise, then, that capnolagnia has experienced something of a renaissance, with pornographic videos and websites devoted to raising temperatures by mixing smoking with sex. A quick Internet search will turn up a smoldering inferno of explicit content centered on smoking, particularly in the context of BDSM and sexual domination.

Once again, smoking has regained its cachet as a filthy habit most aptly suited to the making of filthy pictures. It arouses even as it humiliates, creating a veil of wickedness behind which delights still more sinister wait to emerge.❐


Ginger
STORED FOR USE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIGHTWORSHIP


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It was stupid to laugh at him when he tried to ask me out, even if he is only a janitor in the warehouse. Now I'm having my date after-hours, tied with biting ropes in a part of the building where nobody else goes. He rolls down my panties to smack my butt with a paint stirrer. He can hurt me even worse with a bare hand, but the thick paddle makes me yell the loudest.

The slats on top of the barrel-shaped frame he bends me over backwards bite into my pussy, but the whip on my tits and belly takes my mind off of it, stinging like a nest of pissed-off hornets.

Kneeling on hard wooden blocks, all my pink parts on display from the rear, I expect to feel his dick inside me, but he works a hard, clear plug into my ass first and then buzzes a screaming orgasm out of me with a vibrator. My loss of control is humiliating, but it's about to get worse. Now I need to piss so bad I'll do anything, even empty my bladder for him while hanging from the ceiling. He may have to mop the floor later, but not before he's made me do every depraved thing he wants.

And next time, I'll ask nicely when I want his attention. I may be his boss in the office, but down in the storeroom, he rules. From now on, that will be our little secret.

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URINATION NATION



Featuring MELODY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYOKO VERSION

Naked in the compound under the broiling sun, I learn to lap up whatever fluids they feed me. When I don't seem eager enough, they rope me into a bundle, stuff a dry ball-gag between my teeth and shove me into the box until they think I'm ready. Then they watch me gulp down a jug or two while they stand around masturbating. At first, I tried to hold out, but now I pull back my ringed hood and splatter the dust with my streams. I've forgotten how to be ashamed. At least this way I get to suck all their cocks with a wet mouth, which feels a lot better for all concerned. I try to make it last as long as possible, knowing what happens next. Lashed down and fucked in the spreading puddle of my own piss, I'm actually glad my mouth is packed.









SUB SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY

Photography by Lee Forbes

TABOO'S Sub-Space **is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.**

DEAR NINA,

I've finally found a man to whom I feel submissive and we're really enjoying creating our own ways of doing kinky things. For the time being we're D/s just in the bedroom, but I want to see where we can take it. I've seen a lot of discussions online lately about protocol, but my dominant and I have yet to really discuss the subject. I was wondering if you could shed some light on protocol and what it means for you and your Master?

—Working It Out, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Dear Working:

Congratulations on finding someone to whom you can surrender your inner slave. It's an exciting exercise in intimacy-building to negotiate with your partner just how it's going to be between you. The set of standards and practices to which you agree will constitute your protocols. You want to create a matrix of ritual and play that works for both of you, so how much or how little protocol you incorporate when and where needs to be open for honest discussion. There is no correct or incorrect protocol beyond how you define it. It can be elaborate and demanding, or relaxed and informal.

Couples whose primary focus is their M/s relationship often use so-called high protocol, a set of very specific behaviors, forms of address, styles of clothing (or the lack thereof) and acts of dominance and submission that remind them constantly of their M/s status. The more seriously high-protocol folks are not unlike those who choose to live monastically. Every movement or action or word spoken every day is devotion in motion. One long-time M/s couple we know has a very specific set of rules governing everything from what's said when entering or leaving a room to the precise manner in which she presents her mouth for him to piss in.

My Master and I don't have the leisure of this level of focused attention. We compensate by keeping our serious protocol strict where it does us the most good: in the dungeon. There, it serves to heighten sexual tension and romantic passion and helps keep me in my own sub-space. Protocol is not sacred, but its graceful and consistent execution shows just how seriously you each take the relationship.

When we play, the protocol is a little more involved, and I'm much more aware of how I sit, stand, walk, speak, crawl, etc. I treat protocol like I would tea ceremony or ballet. It's delightfully centering for us both and keeps us in the moment, whether it's buggery, face-fucking, vicious whipping, slapping or passionate kissing. Protocol means that I offer myself as a proud slave, eager to do his bidding and always striving to please. In return, he always



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follows his instincts and uses me in any way he chooses, taking me as far as he wants to go, knowing that my readiness to accept his leadership is also pleasurable to me. You and your partner get to make your own rules. Happy playing!

DEAR NINA,

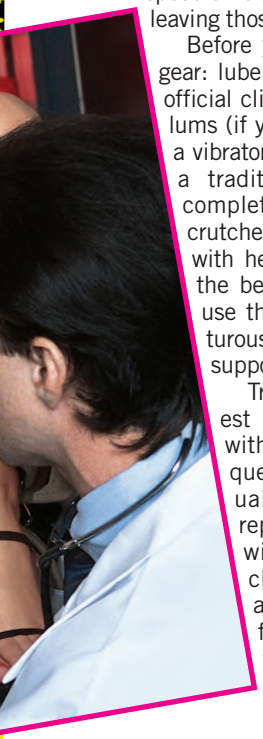
I'm a Dominant with a few years under my belt and have a hot girlfriend who loves exploring her submissive side with me. So far, we've tried candle wax combined with bondage, whipping, mild breath play, anal (she turned out to be a real anal slut… bonus!) and golden showers. So why am I writing to you? She's expressed an interest in medical play, and I don't know anything about it. I want to please her and admit that the idea of rendering her completely helpless while I fiddle with the "girl machine" gives me a massive boner, but I'm no doctor—couldn't even play one on TV—and don't want to hurt her. Can you recommend any beginner-level medical play that would be fun for both of us?

—Wants to Play Doctor, Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Wants:

How appealing to fiddle with a woman who's tied down, legs open, while you stimulate her tender bits. One of the easiest ways to "play doctor" that's both low-risk and high-reward is using speculums. They make them for asses as well as the more-familiar vaginal versions, allowing for all sorts of rude, intrusive and privacy-busting moments sure to bring out your inner Mad Doctor and her Poor Suffering Patient.

Medicaltoys.com has a great selection of tools designed to crank open pussies. There are the traditional "duck bill" speculums that hinge up and down, covering her G spot and urethra, as well as vertical-bladed Collins speculums that open her up side-to-side, leaving those pleasurable spots exposed.



Before you start, collect all of your gear: lube, latex gloves (for that extra-official clinical look), the clean speculums (if you have more than one) and a vibrator. If you don't have access to a traditional gynecological table, complete with stirrups or knee crutches, restrain her on her back with her knees up and her feet on the bed or other surface (one can use the dining room table for torturous ends, but be sure it can support her weight).

Trade off invading her deepest parts with the speculum with asking her "yes" or "no" questions about her recent sexual escapades. When she replies properly, reward her with some vibration on her clit. Cycle between "torture" and relief until you're satisfied that she'll do her best to please you.❑










BROOKLYN
FIRE IN THE IRONS
Photography By Dave Naz



The hearth could never produce the heat Brooklyn feels when she's stripped bare and slapped in rigid irons. Just knowing she can't close her legs or touch herself brings her to a boil. Offered brief freedom for her hands to prepare her ass for use, she begs to please, stretching her ass muscles first with the glass rod, then with the steel probe. She wants cock in her gash, but she'll take it in her ass, especially after an agonizing interval of having her tits tortured with nipple clamps and tiny, biting steel clips biting into the surrounding flesh. Back in the rigid bars again, she eagerly turns to spread her ass cheeks for easy penetration.

Of course, before Brooklyn rates a proper buggering, her plumbing needs a good flushing out with a big bag of cold milk. Her insides clench with stabbing cramps, but she must hold the liquid in until allowed to expel. When she finally does, backward on the toilet under his watchful eye, she's too relieved to be ashamed.

And because she's been a good girl and is now properly cleansed in every way, Brooklyn will get it in all holes, starting in the front, moving to the rear and finally swallowing the products of her labors with an eager mouth. Legs wide open in anticipation, she spreads her swollen front hole and licks her glossy lips.

Irons become Brooklyn, and if she had her way, she'd never wear anything else.

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"Pound my parts until my chains rattle!"
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Clipped Wings

FICTION BY ERNEST GREENE

Photography by Ken Marcus



The performances are strictly by invitation. The madame knows who the real high-rollers are among her clientele, and only those with the fattest wallets and the most urgent needs rate a trip to the deepest cellar of her luxury establishment. Down there, accommodations are much less comfortable, just hard, cold, stone walls, steel cages and devices intended to restrain the suffering bodies of beautiful young women.

The cruel show is staged for maximum drama and powerful titillation. The madame's sultry voice echoes from hidden speakers as she presents Sierra, the fallen angel, for their infernal delight. An electric motor growls to life overhead. Doors slide open in the ceiling and a spectacular blonde wearing only black-feathered wings strapped to her back and high heels on her feet is slowly lowered into the room. Dangling by her wrists, her statuesque body is agonizingly stretched by her own weight so every sinew stands out against her luscious flesh.

Ruthlessly trained for this act and thoroughly greased beforehand, Sierra opens her thighs around the device onto which she's lowered, impaling her pink slit on the upright dildo. Arms still held high overhead, she can only squirm and grind when the machine is activated and the motorized probe begins churning her insides and thrumming her clit. Sierra's muscular thighs tense as she deliberately lifts herself an inch or two, only to sink back down, shafting herself even deeper.

The watching men and women masturbate themselves and each other, a couple of leashed slaves sinking to the floor to enhance their Masters' enjoyment of the production with their oral skills. It's only a matter of time until Sierra throws her head back, lets out a cry and comes in shuddering spasms atop the machine buzzing away in her gash.

As the attendants come forward to remove the theatrical wings and bind Sierra with a body harness of festive red rope, the guests learn the name of the game. After she's come ten times, she'll be given to the crowd for their personal enjoyment.

One of the cages is wheeled to center stage and Sierra is chained inside it. A powerful wand vibrator is strapped between her legs, its broad head pulled tightly to her shaven parts at just the right angle to focus the sensations it produces on her clit. Rattling her chains against the bars of the cage, Sierra writhes in helpless heat, unable to silence her own lascivious moans and gasps as the relentless toy hums against her hard little button.

Sierra can only imagine how sensitive and come-drunk

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she'll be when tonight's guests finally get their hands on her and their cocks or strap-ons inside her holes.

Freed from the cage at last, she's balanced on trembling legs, her arms winched up behind her, forcing her to bend down and thrust her ass out toward the increasingly agitated crowd. It's a particularly humbling position, suggestive of uses to which she'll later be put.

Now, when the vibrator is mounted on a stand and pushed up against her from behind, she jiggles and shakes lewdly as soon as it comes to life. Perched on her perilous heels, it's all she can do to stay upright and avoid increasing the painful traction on her arms with pointless twisting and thrashing.

Willing herself to be still, Sierra tries to fight it this time but it's no use. One of the attendants switches the vibe to a higher setting. Sierra's strong legs begin quaking again. Sweat beads up on her creamy skin. She grits her teeth, wills herself to think about something else. But inevitably, the heat rises inside her. She lifts a leg, balancing precariously in the attempt to shift the head of the scintillating monster away from the spot where it's been placed with such precision. Then it happens again. Sierra slams her stiletto-heeled shoe down hard on the bare floor and jams her tail back against the O-machine. Clamping it tight between her thighs, she opens her mouth and lets out a piercing shriek, coming so hard it hurts. Again applause erupts throughout the chamber, along with mocking laughter. She hears the names they call her and can't even catch a breath to deny them. After all, she's just given them further proof of how easy she really is. Someone is going to take ruthless advantage of that fact later on and she dreads it. Sierra will obey even the most degrading order or painful punishment in return for the privilege of liberating her ferocious libido, and anyone who knows that can make her jump through hoops and a whole lot more. Now everyone present knows that. What kinds of sadistic torments will they inflict on her, armed with that knowledge?

From past experience in this place, she knows to expect the worst. There's a certain type who believes that a slave's pleasure is grounds enough in itself for punishment, and this room is full of them.

It doesn't matter. Sierra's fingers clutch at the air behind her. Her tits shake licentiously as the electrical jolts of yet another orgasm course through her contorted body. The pain in her shoulders from the hoisting of her arms only seems to intensify Sierra's response. She's not just a slut. She's a pain slut who comes even harder while she suffers. This is the secret her owner has chosen to reveal to those most likely to exploit it. Sierra's ordeals to come will make the house a pretty penny.

Left bent over to contemplate the puddle of her own sweat and juices on the floor while random sexual activity gathers momentum all around her, Sierra can hardly stand straight when her arms are finally lowered for the next phase of her ordeal.

A lot of things can happen to a girl in a straight-backed steel chair. The ropes of her body harness pull tight on either side of her crotch when they sit her down, making her swollen lower lips puff out even more temptingly. Instead of immediately binding her to the chair, her keepers instruct her to masturbate by hand this time. Any shred of shyness still clinging to her is knocked away brusquely by a few sharp strokes of the riding crop. Better to obey than be compelled to comply.

Sierra's cunt is so engorged and sensitized it hardly

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feels like her own when she puts her fingers to it. But it responds in the usual way. Vulnerable as she is to the devices they use on her, nothing works more effectively than her own touch. And with everything down there so stirred up, finding all the good spots is no major accomplishment.

Sierra tries playing coy, spreading herself open to show off her wet, pink fuckhole, sliding fingers in and out so they can all hear her squish. She forces that slightly naughty smile again. They can do what they will with her, or make her do it to herself, but they can't stop her from liking it anyway. Slow, circular massage rapidly escalates to frantic pinching, stroking and slapping until she rubs out yet another one, her voice growing hoarse from ecstatic yelps and screams.

Now the crowd cheers her on in the rudest terms, telling her what to do with her fingers, making her pinch her little, pink nipple-buds hard as she goes over the top. It's a knowing command, as the sharp pains in her tits send more electricity to her squelching snatch. Panting and sweating, Sierra's eyes roll back in her head. She's faint and dizzy, but her torturers are just getting her exactly where they want her.

Now there's more red rope, binding her hands over her head to the high back of the chair and lashing her ankles to her thighs, splaying her for all to see. The wide "V" in the chair's seat would make it easy for anyone to walk up and stick anything in her, and she has no doubt that's eventually in the cards, but first, there's to be yet another exhausting round with the insidious vibe toy. It never gets tired or loses interest. It can't be distracted or placated or moved by pity. It's just a fucking machine and when it's switched on again, it goes right back to driving Sierra crazy.

So well-tenderized now that everything hurts, whether it feels good or not, she fights the ropes and babbles out pleas for mercy.

That's a bad idea. All it gets her is a ball-gag packed into her mouth and strapped tightly around the back of her neck. Now only inarticulate, animal noises emerge from the back of Sierra's throat while the diabolical gizmo hammers away at her martyred puss. No longer capable of struggling, or even moving, she just lolls in her restraints, eyes half-closed in a trance, gurgling and drooling around the gag as her whole body twitches from the latest cascade of climactic contractions.

Satisfied that they have her just as they want her, the hard men who move her body around like a rag doll let her up from the chair only to replace ropes with straps and chains. Dizzy as she is, Sierra knows that they've used her responsiveness to pleasure to weaken her endurance for pain. The mean clover clamps bite into her stiff nipples like sharp teeth, and the snap of the crop wrings yelps of anguish from her ungagged lips.

Each swat to her tingling clit makes her jump, and each jump tightens the clamps a little more. Wrists attached to her collar, she can do nothing to dodge the short, sharp snaps of the whip, only hurting herself more with every involuntary jerk. No part of her body is spared. The crop lands unpredictably on her inner thighs, her lower belly, the undersides of her tits, even on her flushed cheeks, front and rear.

Even in her misery, Sierra still can't keep her body from responding. Gripping the back of the chair, she feels another crest rising within as the dick-on-a-stick is handed around the circle so they can take turns plunging her with it. The women are the worst, varying the rhythm just enough to keep taking her to the brink without letting her go over. By now oblivious to the dull throbbing in her nips, Sierra knows only one thing: She needs at least one more climax, desperately, and right now.

In return for a final round with the vibe, she willingly offers herself to one and all. Bound on a platform with one leg held high and the other tucked beneath, Sierra is theirs for the taking.❑



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Anal Advisor

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, *puckerup.com*, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

Recently I was using a slim vibrator designed for G-spot stimulation with a little hooked-finger-shape in my ass. I've heard numerous warnings about the dangers of using toys without flared bases for butt play, but I decided to take a chance. I followed all your tips—applying a lot of lube, taking my time, using gloved fingers first—before proceeding to the condom-covered toy. It was, all-in-all a wonderful experience, but after I reached orgasm, things got a little weird. Usually after an orgasm my anal sphincters seem to tighten and contract much more forcefully than normal. When using a finger in my ass, I feel the urge to pull out immediately once I've come and often do it in kind of a panic, which is uncomfortable. This time around, I felt the same urge but found it difficult to extract the toy. What is the best method of removing penetrating objects from my ass after I get off? Should I allow the contractions to push the toy/object/finger out or wait until all sensations subside? Is there any increased risk in pulling something out at that tense moment, or of the internal sphincters becoming unable to go back to normal if the toy is left in for too long?

—Susie With the Fussy Sphincters

Dear Susie:

The key to your dilemma is implied in your question. You said that you have the urge to pull the toy out and kind of panic. When you panic, it's likely that the sphincters get even tighter, making it the least ideal time to pull a toy out of your ass. You may want to delve into what made you panic. Do you have anxiety about anal play in general? Do you have trouble letting go during orgasm? Were you worried about the toy getting stuck inside you? The next time around, if you find your muscles pushing a toy out during orgasm, just let it happen. If not, wait until the orgasm subsides, then take some full, deep breaths. Make sure you have a firm grip on the toy, and bear down slightly. I won't let you off the hook for using a toy in your ass that you shouldn't have. You absolutely NEED a toy with a flared base to ensure that it won't get lost in your ass, resulting in a trip to the E.R. Using a butt-friendly toy should also lessen any anxiety you have.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I like to put things in my butt when I masturbate. I've used butt plugs and dildos and vibrating toys, and they're awesome. Sometimes I put my favorite plug in, masturbate, come, then leave it in me all night as I sleep and take it out in the morning. Now I want to be able to gape like a porn star—Bobbi Starr or Belladonna. My favorite movie is *Anal Acrobats*. If anyone's got a gape training program, it's you, so please share your wisdom!

—Anal Trainee



Dear Trainee:

Thank you for your refreshing enthusiasm. I get so many letters from women who see anal gaping in porn and get scared. They think their asses will end up loose and gaping forever if they have anal sex. I have to assure them that won't happen. Your desire to make your asshole gape isn't exactly typical. Porn stars orifices get a much more strenuous workout than the average person's holes. After a long, intense round of penetration, the anus is open, aroused, and relaxed. Some anuses gape fairly easily, others require some help, and others don't do it at all. Adjust your expectations and accept that you may fall into any of these categories. If you want to help the process along, work your way up to what you consider a big plug or dildo, using plenty of lube and common sense. Something with a wider diameter may help to "train" the sphincters to open up a little more. When you're ready to come, during orgasm, slide the toy out of your ass and bear down as if you're still pushing something out of your ass—that can help the muscles to contract. Your gapage may vary.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I am a 33 year old full-time male medical student who has always enjoyed a little solo butt-play now and then. While I have no doubt that my wife is well aware of my body's positive response to any interaction near my perineum and anus while being intimate, we have never ventured into any sort of anal play together. For quite some time, I would use a finger here and there, but admittedly found myself experiencing mixed emotions and even guilt about the appropriateness and safety of such behavior. Recently, I've found myself drawn back to anal play, having decided there's no reason not to allow myself to enjoy my own body and whatever might bring me pleasure. Perhaps as a result of my schooling, I can't help but be a little apprehensive about the long-term damage that anal play may cause. I fear a future of incontinence and anal prolapse might lie ahead. Is there any practice or exercise I can do in order to prevent those outcomes?

—Worried in Med School

Dear Worried:

Thanks for being brave enough to share your desires. It's still quite taboo for straight men to admit to their anal penetration fantasies. Those who have discovered prostate stimulation have opened the door to a world of possibilities. Lots of people worry about what anal penetration can do to the body in the long term. If you practice responsibly—use lube, warm up, listen to your body, stop if you feel pain, don't overdo it—you are actually ahead of the game. What I mean is that, as the body naturally ages, our sphincters do begin to atrophy. But when you regularly play with your butt, you stay in tune with the entire anorectal area, increase blood circulation there and tone and exercise the sphincter muscles. All of this can lead to better overall anal health and sphincter control. Counterintuitive as it may seem, butt-play done correctly is entirely consistent with anal health.❑

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FLOWER
broken blossom
PHOTOGRAPHY BY X-LABS CHICAGO

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In the dark attic, Flower loses track of time, measuring it in intervals between the visits when he strings her up and torments her with blocks of ice, clothespins on her sensitive spots and ruthless whippings with the riding crop. Kept constantly in chains with a belled collar around her neck, Flower is usually naked but sometimes he dresses her like a slut for his entertainment. Knowing she depends on him for everything, she's learned to obey his every command instantly, climbing into the chair and spreading her pussy and ass for him so he can decide for himself where to stick his always-hard cock. Sometimes he makes her show off her intimate anatomy in the mirror while he deliberates.

Other times, instead of inflicting pain, he uses the vibrator to make Flower come whether she wants to or not. It's shameful, but she can no longer resist his will, no matter what perverse form it takes. She's not even allowed to relieve herself without permission, and when he grants it, she doesn't hesitate to piss in the jar he provides, even if she knows she'll end up drinking the contents. Worst of all, she's come to long for the sound of his boots on the stairs and the taste of his cock at the back of her throat. Studying her marks, she realizes she doesn't want them to fade. She's a broken slave who lives to suffer and serve.

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Luna
OPEN LATE

Photography by MATTI KLATT

Luna's been waiting all night and she's just the way he wants her when he finally arrives—naked except for black stockings, a tiny corset and her whore makeup. He gets right to it, dragging her into the cottage by her hair and handcuffing her on the couch. She knows he'll hurt her, but not just how until he brings out the clothespins to torture her tits, saving a final one for Luna's most tender spot. She gets so juicy when he's mean like this, knocking off the clothespins with the leather slapper before applying it ruthlessly to her backside. Luna's ass can take a hard pounding, and she doesn't flinch. But when she dares to taunt and tease him, he swats her snatch with the short, thick whip, rolls her over and spreads her ankles with the steel bar. The bit-gag guarantees there'll be no more rude talk out of this little slut.

Clearly, Luna needs to be put in her place once again. Having warned her to hold her water when he called, he knows how bad she needs to go, and drilling her bladder through the wall of her cunt with the fat vibe makes her lose control immediately, showering herself with a gushing plume of her own hot piss while he holds her open with a rubber-gloved hand. Sticky and reeking, hogtied in her own secretions, she's properly prepared to serve him humbly all through the long, hard night.



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No matter how hard Victoria tries to avoid the grim, brick-walled room, she always ends up back there, generally for fucking someone or something she's not supposed to. They make her wait an extra-long time before they go to work with the whips, alternating lashes with the oiled penetration of the dick pole. Squirming in her shackles, Victoria can't decide whether she needs to pee or come, so they make her do both. She knows she'll be recycling the contents of the bowl later, but if she weren't such a dirty girl, she wouldn't be down here in the first place.

The new secretary, on the other hand, tries to be good, but not even the special agency that trained her could prepare her for such a demanding employer. Half-naked, encumbered with the heavy wooden yoke, she manages to pour his coffee without spilling a drop, though he still finds an excuse in misfiled documents to put her over his desk, paddle her bottom and stuff her front and rear with dildo and anal beads. A good pussy-whipping and she's only too eager to use the vase he offers for her shameful relief. If this is a normal day at the office, she might have to try for a permanent position.

These two naughty babes will have plenty of company in the hardcore heat of TABOO's next issue, along with late-breaking reports of kinkster sightings, informative columns from Nina Hartley and Tristan Taormino to engage your mind and points south, down-and-dirty art and fetishes not mentioned in the Bible. Don't miss a scorching page.



Taboo Sept/Oct 2013
On Sale August 6, 2013

Work Safe